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Thanksgiving.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

LET all Columbia's sons give thanks to-day.
A mighty nation we have come to be,
Enjoying wealth, sweet peace, true liberty,—
God's precious gifts which we can ne'er repay.
Auspicious omens cheer us; law holds sway;
Our trade at home and commerce on the sea
Bespeak the aid of that Divinity
Who guides the spheres in their unerring way.

For such as these, for blessings of the field,
When autumn days are done, for Nature's gifts
Abounding in the richness of the sod,
For all the ploughshare's tribute and the yield
Of golden harvest, our Republic lifts
Its voice in hymns of thankfulness to God.

Pan Skshetuski.

FRANCIS A. ZINK, '08.



SEVERAL hundred years ago a mighty people lay torn and bleeding in the midst of internal strife and widespread rebellion. The entire Ukraine from far below the Dnieper on toward Kieff and Sbaraj—until the very foundations of Warsaw itself trembled from the outbreak—was a scene of blood, ruin, waste and desolation. So horrible, so ghastly, so tragic, were the deeds enacted there that the pages of history must blush in recording them. Men and women, young girls and little children, were cruelly slaughtered by bloodthirsty Cossacks or an outrageous mob. Homes were burst into, sanctuaries violated, yea, even the peaceful

walls of the convent afforded no protection or relief from the lawless bands that swept over the country, burning and pillaging wherever they went. Before them stretched out vast areas of tilled land, large cities, valuable forests; behind them nothing but murder, fire, charred remains. So complete was the destruction of this land that Jendzian in passing over it later said there was not a living soul to be found anywhere. And this wasted country comprised a part of the great Commonwealth of Poland.

Poland, like other countries, had its great men; and this war, like other great wars, had its heroes. At the outbreak of this uprising of the Cossacks against the Commonwealth, a young man, named Pan Skshetuski, was serving as lieutenant in the heavy artillery belonging to Prince Yeremi Vishnyevetski. He came of a noble family, was strong and powerful, and of a manly character. The openness of his nature, coupled with his unassumed valor and fidelity to duty, soon won for him a warm place in the heart of the prince as well as in the hearts of his men. The prince had implicit confidence in him; so much so that he sent him as envoy on all occasions when an important message was to be delivered.

So it was now. Over the whole Ukraine and beyond the Dnieper strange sounds began to spread like the heralds of a coming tempest; certain wonderful tidings flew from village to village, from farm-house to farm-house. In the towns there were whispers of some great war, though no man knew who was going to make war, nor against whom. Still the tidings were told. The faces of people became unquiet. The tiller of the soil went to his plow unwillingly,

though the spring had come early, mild and warm. Every evening people gathered in crowds in the villages, and standing on the road, talked in undertones of terrible things. Blind men wandering around with lyres and songs were asked for news. Yet all was uncertainty.

The prince was no better off than others, and he most of all needed reliable information. Hence Pan Yan found himself one evening in the Saitch in the very heart of the enemy's territory, whither Prince Yermi had sent him for knowledge concerning Hmelnitski, the Cossack leader of the rebellion. Although an envoy, his party was attacked by a band of Tartars, who guarded the entrance to the enemy's quarters; he was taken prisoner, but only after all his companions had perished and he himself had fainted away from loss of blood. He saw death staring him in the face, but he feared not death. He knew that mercy was not to be looked for in the faces of those assembled there to try his fate, yet he did not shrink. Standing proudly erect, his eyes flashed the contempt he felt for his executioners, as he said: "Do not think, atamans, that I fear death, or that I defend my life, or that I am exhibiting my innocence. Being a noble, I can be tried only by equals. Here I am standing not before judges, but before bandits, not before nobility, but before serfdom, not before knighthood, but before barbarism, and I know well I shall not escape. Before me are death and torment, but behind me the power and vengeance of the Commonwealth, in the presence of which you are all trembling." Nor did they dare put him to death. The lofty stature, the grandeur of his speech and the name of the Commonwealth made them cower before him; for "conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Pan Skshetuski loved his country well. Those who read the history of those times know what he has suffered to save the Commonwealth from disgrace. For several months, with a few thousand men, he fought battle after battle with barely enough time between to rest his men. Privation and hunger seized them. Their uniforms were faded and almost in rags. Often too weary to rise, they bravely made long marches in order to bring relief to some besieged city

or to check the progress of the enemy. They never wavered; they never turned back. No. Suffering, hardship, death—anything, but not that. Even though the ruling men at Warsaw quarrelled among themselves, and through envy did not send reinforcements, they would go heroically on. Do what they would in Warsaw they could not deter them from the path of duty or lessen their love for the Commonwealth.

Foremost of all in valor, in suffering and in misery was Pan Yan. At the head of his dragoons rode this daring knight to battle. Together they wiped out the disgrace shamefully endured—through the base treachery of her commanders—by the Commonwealth at Jolitiya Vodi, Korsun and Pilavtsi by gaining unequalled victories at Polonne, Konstantinoff, Nyemiroff, and Poyrebische, where a handful of men put thousands of the enemy to flight. So deep, so genuine, so noble was his love of country that later, when the high officials of the state travelled to Kieff to make terms of peace with the pretender, and were about to pacify the beast with princely gifts, he could not bear to be present at so painful and humiliating a performance; but, standing up in his stirrups, erect, pale, with flashing eyes, naked sabre in hand, he turned to his guarding dragoons and shouted the thundering command: "Follow me," and rode back to his quarters. Rather than see Pan Kisel bow down before the haughty, drunken bully seated on a throne before them, he would risk death. You may say he was proud. Proud he truly was, but it was a noble pride. Hmelnitski had, from personal, selfish motives, aroused the rabble to rebellion. That he might become a hetman and trample on the nobility, he burned, ravaged, destroyed, murdered thousands of men, women and children. More than that, he delivered his own soldiers up to the Khan to be made slaves of in return for his assistance against the central government. Edifying, indeed, the pride that spurns the authority of such a man. So inspiring was Skshetuski's conduct that it caused even this monster, who allowed the insult to go unpunished, to take a liking to him. Such was the bravery of one man.

But the critical stage of this war was not reached till the opposing armies of Hmel-

nitski and Prince Yeremi met at Sbaraj. This fortress alone, with about fifteen thousand defenders, stood between the countless forces of Hmelnitski and Warsaw. Should the prince lose, the way was open to the enemy to march on the capital, take the king and all the nobility captive. But such was not to be.

On the very first day after these armies had met, a terrible defeat was meted out to the enemy. So many of them fell that the trenches were filled and the field strewn with their bodies. A large number of other battles, sallies and attacks followed in rapid succession during the next four weeks. In these engagements Pan Yan figured splendidly. Ever ready to spring on the enemy at a moment's notice, he could be seen always where the fight was thickest. He never lingered behind his regiment, but always rode at their head, setting the example for them to follow. And wherever his stalwart figure moved, men fell under the blows of his powerful arm like weeds under the stroke of the scythe. No man could withstand him. Even the terrible Burlai succumbed to the first blow of his well-aimed sword. Death was so certain to him whom Pan Yan encountered that men dropped their weapons at his approach and fled, crying out, "a devil, a devil."

Long and weary was this memorable siege. Day and night Prince Yeremi's men had to fight or build breastworks. Time was seldom allotted them for sleep. Frequently they slept on the battlements under the thickest cannon and musketry-fire. Hmelnitski thought to conquer by wearing them out, but he was wrong in his calculations. These heroic men seemed to be imbued with superhuman endurance. They loved fighting in such a cause, and the excitement bore them up. Day after day the enemy renewed their attacks but without success. Each new charge was repelled and proved to be more disastrous than the preceding one. Never before did men fight with such eagerness, persistency, and determination; never before did so small a force consistently stand out against so large a one with victory on its side.

Yet even to this war there came an end, as there must be an end to all things. The fortress began to weaken in strength but

not in spirit. Half rations had long since been distributed. The soldiers lived on dried horseflesh, and they were thankful even for that. Starvation was not far off. Hunger and unending strife had worn the men out; a few more days and resistance would be impossible. At this pitiable time Pan Yan volunteered to pass through the enemy's lines to get succor from the king. To do this, however, was no small task. Hmelnitski had so guarded every avenue of escape as to make this feat wellnigh impossible. It was at least the work of superhuman effort rather than that of a half-starved man. His friends thought him mad; death seemed so absolutely certain. Prince Yeremi, though he loved Skshetuski as a son and though he knew the peril attending the journey, did not refuse his offer. The lives of all his men and the safety of his country were dearer to him than the life or safety of even his dearest friend.

Pan Yan noted, with his quick eye, the utter hopelessness of getting through the lines by land, so he decided to go by water. On the western side lay a large pond into which flowed a small river. Near the shores of both pond and river grew dense reeds and rushes. Along these the feverish man slowly made his way. His progress was necessarily slow, for he was impeded by three and four feet of muck into which he sank at every step. Sometimes when a picket approached, he was obliged to sink to his neck in the water and conceal his head among the reeds in order to escape being seen. Moreover, the night was warm and clear, so that legions of mosquitoes rose from the reeds and swarmed over the head of the knight, fastening on his face and eyes, biting him, buzzing and singing their mournful vespers. Picture to yourself the terrors of such a trip. Ask yourself if it is a pleasant experience to bump against dead bodies at night lying around in the water. For two long days Pan Yan dragged his tired feet along this path. Cautiously, painfully, he advanced. When at length he had passed the last guard he threw himself flat on the ground and thanked God for his deliverance.

In this condition he presented himself before the king and his counsellors. The figure they saw before them caused them

to draw back in astonishment, for it was a frightful-looking thing. Rags torn to shreds barely covered his emaciated body; his face was blue and covered with mud and blood; his eyes burned with a terrible feverish light; his black beard fell toward his breast; the odor of corpses emanated from round about him; and his legs trembled to such a degree that he sank in a heap on the floor as he faintly whispered the woful words, "Suffering—hunger—the grave." This loyal heart, which had struggled, suffered and schemed to slip through the enemy's lines, lay a helpless bundle before the king whom he strained every muscle of his body to reach in order to communicate to him the mournful condition of his soldiers at Sbaraj. Life meant nothing to him. He had risked it willingly a hundred times. Death had no horrors for him; for again and again he had rushed into its very jaws. Sickness, pain, hunger—all were nothing, all would be undergone if he could only save his starving comrades and the Commonwealth from destruction and defeat. No wonder that his royal majesty tenderly lifted this dirty, pitiable being from the floor and pressed him to his bosom as he would his dearest friend. He had risked much, but in so doing had saved the Commonwealth. Therefore, the king said to him: "You are dearer to me than those clothed in satin, for you have rendered me a service for which I shall always be indebted to you."

God had looked upon Pan Yan's sublime deeds and was good to him. He gave him strength and health, after a long illness, to partake of the honors which were crowded upon him. His praises rang loud and long over the land. Men wrote of him and minstrels sang of his valorous deeds. But of all his honors he cared for none so much as that of being hailed as the "deliverer of the people, the savior of the Commonwealth."

Judge Not.

Judge not the weak, nor e'er despise
The heart whose depths thou canst not see;
For God's good will may only be
To let him fall that he may rise.

R. T. COFFEY, '10.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

GREAT is the chief who is quietly resting,
Peaceful at last in St. Werburgh's bright fane;
Erin, forever his glory attesting,
Ranked him a martyr what time he was slain.
Laud him o'er hill and glen,
Echo his praise again,
Ye whom fair Leinster has drawn to her breast.
Felled by the foeman's sword,
Ireland's most worthy Lord,
Edward Fitzgerald, has gone to his rest.

You did we look to when death was surrounding
Men whom the royal troops sought to oppose;
You cheered our spirits midst cannon resounding;
You thinned the ranks of our murderous foes.

Gone are a hundred years,
Gone are the wars and fears,
Time holds in honor the life that you gave;
Minstrels, awake the lay,
Call back again the day
Decades ago when he stood midst the brave.

Sing loud the praise of that glorious martyr;
He, the great hero, is with us no more;
Him, whom no yeoman e'er heard ask for quarter,
Heaven has summoned, his battles now o'er.
There where the angels sing
Praises to Christ, the King,
He has the place which his virtue has won.
Erin, through all her days,
Well may proclaim in praise
Edward Fitzgerald, her valorous son.

Essays in Little.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

THE MAKER OF OUR COUNTRY.

Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats, nor any political party or organization, made our country what it is to-day. Wall Street, with its money and its magnates, did not build up the greatest of modern nations. No! God Almighty made America what America is. He in His wisdom and omnipotence put ideas into the minds of men; He gave man muscle and grit to carry out His plans; to strive and conquer the world; to rise after a fall, and learn from failure; to try, and persevere, and pluck opportunity when it knocks at our door. He gave America her wonderful natural resources of mines and minerals, of fields

and forests; made possible our magnificent strides in production, our increase in manufacturing from an annual output of one billion dollars in 1850 to seventeen billions in 1906. Did mammon do this? Has greed ever built up a state? No! It is a truth, ungainsayable, that God did these things: it was He that made America the home of liberty and the mistress of the world.

LABOR AND ITS REWARD.

The "Fair Wage" is the big thing before America and the world to-day. It was the same yesterday, and ever has been since man began to work for man in return for a stipulated stipend. The fair wage—what a great question, touching in its countless ramifications every phase of life from the king and czar down to the humblest worker in the ditch and the gutter. It is a problem of stupendous magnitude, virtually unsolved and unsolvable. It questions and strikes at the very foundation and prop of society. It deals with the individual, his rights, his liberty, his duty. It deals with the State, its duty and origin, its object, its mechanism and its functions. It finds its solution not in books, not in libraries, not in schools, but in life,—the life of the future—in the deeds and doings of to-morrow's generations. We can ponder over it, discuss it, debate it; we can not solve it.

The old man, the student and thinker, finds himself as far from the solution to-day as he was yesterday. But his wisdom tabulated in books goes down to future generations. With his help they will solve the problem; but alas, when they do strike on a solution, the problem will have so changed that their solution and answer will be but another dogmatic truth, another rung of the endless ladder leading to the final solution, which is in Eternity, not in Time.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Six thousand years ago, when Adam and his children walked the earth, they lived in rude huts, in caves, in trees. Beside them in the streams the beaver built his home. He dammed the stream, built the walls of his castle, fortified it and stored it.... To-day we walk along the streets of a city. There on all sides rise magnificent structures; towering into the clouds, we behold palaces

of art and science. Books tell us of the beauty of the Vatican and its splendor, of Notre Dame in Paris, of Westminster, of Cologne and of our national Capitol in Washington. Walking on we pass out into the country. There in the fields and meadows the sheep and cattle graze in the same identical way as they did when Moses handed down his prophecies and his laws. In the river lives the beaver in his castle of logs and mud, just as he built it six thousand years ago. Not one iota has been changed; the architrave of to-day is the same as that of the time of Adam and the first beaver.

The beaver builds mathematically but not scientifically, with instinct but not with reason. Man has reason: he thinks, he builds, he achieves and advances. He has ideas and ideals, and strives to materialize his ideals. The beaver, and all lower animals, have instinct: they build, act, live, and die, one generation identically like every other. They have memory, and remember how their parents built before them. The difference between man and the animal kingdom is the difference between reason and instinct, ideas and memory. The spark of immortality in man drives him on and ever on to greater heights and higher achievements. The beaver, the animals, lack this spark of immortality; they remain from generation to generation, from age to age, unchanged and unchangeable.

Winter is Coming.

THE leaves are falling, let them fall;
It's time that they should go;
We now are eager for the ice,
The cold and flying snow.

The birds are going, let them go
To climates less severe;
But when they come again in spring,
Their songs will give us cheer.

The grass is dying, let it die;
Let snow o'erspread the earth;
For in the spring when warmth returns,
Each blade will take new birth.

Rough winter comes with leaden skies,
With winds and sleet and snow;
But winter brings a world of joy,
If one would have it so.

F. M. GASSENSMITH, '11.

Dick Brockdon's Prize Story.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

Several fellows were gathered in Jack Kingston's room on the afternoon before Thanksgiving. They were standing in the middle of the room and were talking excitedly.

"He's got to be kept away," Harvey Graham was saying; "if he's not, it's all up. No trip to Chicago for us."

"That's easier said than done," was the answer of two or three. "How can it be managed?"

No one seemed to find the solution, and the discussion went on. In the middle of it, Dick Brockdon shouted, "I have it."

All noise ceased immediately, for Brockdon was clever at planning. He could write the best story of any man in the university.

"Well, what's your plan?" they asked.

"Leave it to me," answered Dick, "I'll see that he isn't there."

The all-important person about whom the boys had been speaking was Professor Bartlett. The professor was a severe teacher. He worked his students hard, not for the sake of making them work, but because he felt that they should. Outside of the class-room he was different. He liked to see the boys enter into their recreations with spirit, and was himself very fond of football. He was kind to the boys, and would have been very popular but for one thing: he always opposed any excursion or trip that the students proposed, on the grounds of useless expense and useless absence; and as his word was very weighty with the president and faculty, he generally succeeded in frustrating the plans for all unnecessary trips.

I have said he was fond of out-of-door sports, but his greatest pleasure was reading. Stories of all kinds found their way into his hands. Fiction was his hobby. The most improbable plot appealed to him; the most desperate and daring exploits were food for him. When he had a good story he was happy, and as he nearly always had a story, he was nearly always happy.

A crowd of students had planned a

Thanksgiving Day trip to Chicago, to take in the game and the theatre. The request had been submitted to the president, and it was to be discussed by the faculty at seven-thirty o'clock on Thanksgiving Eve. The boys knew that if Professor Bartlett appeared at the meeting, all was over, and so a daring committee had met in Jack Kingston's room to devise some plan for keeping the worthy man from the meeting.

Supper was over about seven o'clock and the students, discussing the possibility of receiving the desired permission, all went to their respective halls, anxiously to await the report from the faculty meeting. A few minutes before seven-thirty o'clock, Dick Brockdon came rapidly down the corridor from near Professor Bartlett's room. He stopped at the end of the hall and listened. At last Professor Bartlett came out of his room. He stopped in the corridor, picked up a roll of paper, hesitated and went back into his room. Dick felt relieved, but still he waited—ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. Now he felt all was safe, so he hurried away to his room.

As Professor Bartlett had come out of his room, he noticed a roll of manuscript on the floor near his door. He picked it up and read: "Prize Story, the Dream That Won." He hesitated a moment, then returned to his room, sat down and began to read. The story did not appear long. What if he were late for the meeting? He could speak last as well as first. He read on.

THE DREAM THAT WON.

The outlook was all that could be desired. Football stock was booming, and every person at Carlton University saw the Western championship as a thing already on one end of a string, the other end of which was held firmly by their squad and needed but to be pulled in. Even the most sedate and dignified professors—a thing which had never happened before—had asked on different occasions how the team was progressing, and some of these worthy men were reported as having put up a little money on the side. Every one was loyal.

But the championship was not won yet, and the Carlton students began to realize this. Although they had won every game they had played, the University of Norwood

held the same record. The deciding game between the two large schools was to be played Thanksgiving.

The whole West was attracted to the teams by their wonderful playing, newspapers discussed them, the score was predicted in a hundred different ways; but the betting, the thing that tells accurately the drift of public opinion, was about evened up.

The boom at Carlton never for a moment subsided. Frank Sandon, manager and coach, noted for his indomitable will in ruling his team, realized that the game was to be a hard one; and worked his men accordingly. He had excellent material and knew how to use it. And so preparations went on until just a week before Thanksgiving, an incident occurred that somewhat dampened the hopes of the Carlton students. It was this:—

Manford, the big tackle, the life and support of the squad, had some trouble with Sandon and was suspended from the team. The news spread around the college like wildfire, for everyone knew that to lose Manford meant to weaken the team exceedingly. Wasn't Manford the talk of the States? Hadn't he starred in every game he had played?

In what the trouble between Manford and the coach consisted, no one knew. Sandon was besieged with committees and individuals, begging him for the glory of Carlton to take Manford back, but he was obdurate. He said that his discipline and authority were at stake, and he listened to no suggestion. Hicker, the only available substitute for Manford, but in no way comparable to him, took his place. Manford felt bad over the trouble. It hurt him to feel that he could not help to sustain the football reputation of Carlton in this last decisive game.

The evening that Manford was suspended, Coach Sandon had a dream. It was Thanksgiving Day and the big game was on. The field was crowded and the rooting was overwhelming. He stood on the side-lines and watched his men. They were doing well and seemed about to score when Hicker was carried off the field badly injured. Sandon was now perplexed. Whom should he send in? There was no one really able to fill the position. He stepped upon a

stump and looked around. He saw the great crowd of Carlton fans with their pennants and ribbons of purple. Near the south gate was a large white touring car. He recognized it at once: it belonged to Manford's father. A sudden determination seized him. If he could but find Manford, the game might be saved. Turning his eyes from the white automobile, he saw Manford a few yards from him. He was wrapped in a long coat and was looking wistfully toward the field. Sandon stepped up to him and slapped him on the shoulder and—but then he awoke.

"Such dreams," he muttered to himself, and was now more than ever determined that Manford should not play. During the course of the forenoon Sandon met the tackle, and a passer-by would have said that they looked at each other rather peculiarly.

The work of training went steadily on and Hicker was making a good showing. In spite of the loss of Manford, Carlton's hopes were high. Sandon felt that his chances were good. Somehow or other, he could not drive the thought of his dream from his mind, and woke on Thanksgiving morning, having dreamed that same dream. Nothing was missing, the crowds, the touring car, Manford, and he had jumped from his bed with a start, just as he slapped the tackle on the shoulder.

"Blame that fellow," said Sandon, as he entered the big gymnasium about ten o'clock, "I can't get him out of my mind." As he was entering, Manford was coming out. The coach seemed about to stop, but passed on. He did not know that as they met, Manford was saying to himself: "That fellow must have me hypnotized, I dream so often about him."

Afternoon came and three thousand Carlton fans went onto the field to meet as many from Norwood. It was one of those thrilling scenes of life and pleasure. Great crowds were in from all over the West, bands were playing and colors waving. As the two football squads came upon the gridiron, thundering applause went up from twenty thousand enthusiasts.

Sandon's men were in excellent form. Hicker promised to put up a good game, and the coach told himself, as he stood

near the substitute's bench, that he could win his game without Manford. He walked up to the big centre, who was just taking off his sweater, and said: "Things look favorable, don't they?"

"Yes," answered the centre, "but we shall miss Manford."

"Hang Manford," retorted the coach, and he walked away.

The first half was over. Neither side had scored. Sandon's men had played a great game so far, and he hoped to score in the last half on trick plays. No one had been seriously hurt, although Hicker had received a slight injury on the knee. If he would only last, all would be well.

The game was on again. Norwood kicked to Carlton, and the ball was returned fifteen yards. In the first play, Hicker took the ball and went forward for a ten-yard gain. But after the down, he didn't rise. In the scrimmage his leg had been broken.

Sandon's heart sank and a murmur passed from the lips of three thousand Carlton students. All eyes were turned on the coach. Whom should he send in? He had many substitutes, but they were weak.

Unconsciously Sandon stepped upon a little stump and looked around. He saw the great crowds and noted the colors waving. In some way he thought it all looked familiar. His eyes were drawn toward the south gate for some reason or other, and there his gaze was held by a large white touring car. It belonged to Manford's father. But where and when had he seen it before in this exact position? Gradually it all dawned on him. It was his dream. "Oh," he sighed, "if dreams only came true!" Where was Manford? Would he be in the same place in which he had seen him in his dreams? Almost afraid, he glanced down. He was not—Yes! there he was, only three yards away. He had on the same coat. The same wistful look was on his face. The coach wondered if this, too, were all a dream. Yes! it must be! He feared to move lest he should awake. At last, with a great resolve he rushed to Manford's side and slapped him on the shoulder. No! it could not be his dream, for he didn't wake. Instead, the big tackle, as if waiting for a signal, unbuttoned his long coat and stepped out in football

suit. This surprised Sandon, but before he could speak, Manford was running across the field. There was a moment's quiet on the side-lines, all anxious to see who was going in, and then the Carlton stands were shaken with shouts of "Manford! Manford!"

The game was soon over. Manford, the tackle, had scored the touchdown. Championship belonged to Carlton. As soon as the players arrived at the gymnasium on the shoulders of the excited Carltons, Manford sought out the coach. He was not in the gymnasium. Some one said that Sandon had remained on the field, so the tackle went back to the scene of the game. All the stands were deserted, but down near the side-lines he noted a man seated on a little stump, his head between his hands, evidently in deep thought. It was Sandon. When he heard Manford coming he jumped up, shook hands with him and said: "I've been trying to figure out how you came to have that suit on."

"A most peculiar happening," answered Manford, "I had a dream,—"

"A dream!" cried Sandon, "well! I should say it is a queer happening. I dreamed too."

A few minutes later, as they walked toward the gymnasium, Coach Sandon was saying: "It's a puzzle surely; dreams do come true sometimes; they are wonderful things."

"Yes!" laughed Manford, "your dream won the game."

Having finished reading the story, Prof. Bartlett jumped up and looked at his watch. It was too late to attend the meeting. Nothing could be done now, so he retired.

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and warm, and Professor Bartlett, after rising, went to his window, which opened on the front of the college, to take a look at the beauties of nature. Several students were hurrying down the avenue. A few turned and waved their hands, then all stopped, and he heard his name called with many "rahs!" On the outside of his door was a note which read: "We hope you liked the story."

Varsity Verse.

THE SHATTERED IDOL.

ALL my yearnings, all my sighs,
I have lifted up to you,—
Gave you all that man can prize,
Love abounding, service true:
All the riches that I drew
From Time's bank by night or day,
At your feet I freely threw,
Idol mine and god of clay.

On the ground your semblance lies,
Shattered image all may view;
Broken are the useless ties,
Scattered when the north winds blew.
Buried like a storm-slain crew
Are my hopes, and none can say
Where they haunt the deeps; adieu,
Idol mine and god of clay.

From that silent tongue replies
Never come: its day is through;
Scornful are the staring eyes;
Hidden are the things it knew.
Would it sprinkle venom, strew
Words of mocking in my way,
Or what mischief would it brew,
Idol mine and god of clay?

ENVOI.

When that haughty spirit flew,
It would make me Sorrow's prey;
But your shade I'll not pursue,
Idol mine and god of clay.

H LEDWIDGE.

ONE BETTER.

A Ute, named Canute, in Butte
Once went on a slashing toot;
His corpse was brought back,
All alone in a hack,
For Canute met a gayer galoot.

J. B. KANALEY.

THE NANTUCKET GRAFTER.

If the author had signed his named Homer,
It would hardly have been a misnomer,
For the verses were old
As the hills, I am told;
But he didn't, this grafter named Ohmer.

THE GHOST OF A LIMERICK.

THE WOOSTER GRAFTER.

If ever man rushed prematurely
To the printer, that fellow was surely
A nervy young grafter
Whose signature after
A lim'rick we published was Doorley.

ANOTHER GHOST.

SIR GOBBLER'S FINISH.

I SAW him oft before
As he strutted past the door
Of the coop;
He made the welkin ring
With his gobbling,—he was king
Of the group.

You might know him by his stride
And his monstrous show of pride
And his gall;
Not a chick would dare to cross
Mr. Gobbler who was boss
Of them all.

With his feathers in a whorl,
Like a saucy little girl,
He would strut;
Any argument of choice
In the most stentorian voice
He'd rebut.

He was champion of the flock,
Firm and solid as a rock
In the fray;
His mere glance was a command,
And no rival dared to stand
In his way.

I knew it was a shame
To cut down a bird so game
In his prime;
But Thanksgiving's here, you see,
So the deed could hardly be
Called a crime.

W. P. LENNARTZ.

HAD A JAG ON.

Tom boarded a train leaving Sackage-on
To get an account of the trackage on
The road; but the deuce,
It was of no use,—
He couldn't do biz with a package on.

P. E. HEBERT.

A PHILOLOGICAL INQUIRY.

Since we say that the teacher has taught,
And a fighter like Corbett has fought,
Why should my friends smile
When once in a while
I assert that a preacher has praught?

R. L. SALEY.

WITH APOLOGIES TO R. S.

If it's true that the preacher has praught,
Or your features look like you had fought,
You ought not to smile
When once in a while
You hear that a skiver is skaught!

F. L. DERRICK.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, November 30, 1907.

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—The Juniors' dance of Thanksgiving Eve was a most unqualifiedly successful class function. The Prom. was The Prom. a splendid affair and redounds greatly to the glory of the men who put it on. It was something in the way of an innovation, and for breaking away from the traditional conservatism of former classes the nought-nine men deserve a deal of praise; for the successful issue of the event they deserve the congratulations of the University at large and of the collegiate men in particular. It is to be hoped that subsequent classes will be stimulated by the example of the Juniors in nineteen hundred seven and will make the Thanksgiving Prom. traditional.

—The Thanksgiving of 1907 has come and has passed into history. Americans are prone to forget just what Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Day means and how sacred it was to our Pilgrim forefathers. For us of the twentieth century the day has become one of rest and of turkey feasts, and the word thanksgiving has lost its real signification. How many of us are there who ever think of setting aside the day for the giving of thanks to an all-kind and all-merciful God? We have no need to give thanks, as the Pilgrims did,

because in a frail bark we have weathered the beating storms of Neptune, or because we have not been murdered by hostile Indians; but day in and day out we are receiving blessings great and small which only an ungrateful people could forget. We have become disposed to take these blessings in a way which is too matter of fact. If, with human frailty, we forget to be thankful for these gifts as they come, we should, at least one day in the year, show our gratitude in our own meagre way, and make Thanksgiving a real day of thanksgiving.

—“Three things there are that are hard for me, and the fourth I am utterly unable to understand—the way of

Admonition an eagle in the air, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, the way of a serpent on a rock, and the way of a man in his youth.” Many things there are that are hard for us, the editors, as they were for King Solomon whose words we have quoted; but if we add to these the thing that is utterly beyond our understanding, we would call it the way of the plagiarist. Like the most sensible of men he takes it for granted that no editor is so absolutely foolish as to spend his time reading every newspaper and magazine so as to be protected against the wiles of the plagiarist, but like the most senile of fools he fails to realize that the watchful eyes of thousands will in some mysterious way accomplish his ruin. For the cause of this outburst we refer our readers to our column of Varsity Verse where we have paid our respects to two young men whose plagiarized contributions we published a week ago.

—Why is there such a panic in this unprecedented period of prosperity? and what are its causes? These are the The Panic. questions which all great economic and financial thinkers have been asking themselves during the past weeks, and it is hoped that as a result of their thought they will have devised some system of credit and exchange in our banking departments, through which like crises will hereafter be made impossible. Besides showing the need of a better system

in our banks—a consequence of the dearth of experts who have given sufficient study to the financial question—this present stringency in the money market is but another proof of the rapid growth in our country's industry. The movements of the crops, the cotton in the South, the corn and wheat in the West and Northwest, and the expansion of industries in every field of commerce have called for sums of money so much larger than those of last year to meet the demand, that the great reservoirs of wealth in our country have been drained almost to the bottom. But this same money will soon return, for the farmers must pay it to the dealers, and they in turn will pass it on until it begins gradually to trickle into our banks again. Let the people, therefore, have faith in our prosperity; let confidence be restored to the laborer and to the business man, so that, trusting in a permanent stability, he will soon again deposit his gains in the banks, thus increasing the volume of available currency; let the people band together in a large co-operative spirit and establish the "golden rule" where now we have the "rule of gold;" and, finally, in this season of thanksgiving, let us encourage industry and rejoice in the increased prosperity of our country.

—Several of our daily papers and weekly periodicals have recently published articles dealing with the proper and most beneficial method of teaching English. This discussion has arisen because of the apparent inability of the High School graduate to write good English. College teachers are constantly complaining that the instruction in the secondary school is so deficient, that on entrance to the college much time must be spent on preparatory work that should otherwise be devoted to studies of collegiate rank. The High School teacher, on the other hand, complains that the collegiate entrance requirements demand the reading of so many books that there is no time left to be devoted to composition. At any rate, the results yielded by the present method are unsatisfactory. The average mind of the High School student is not sufficiently

developed to appreciate the true worth of style. Literature, to be fascinating to the immature mind of the preparatory student, must be so clear in thought that it can be easily understood; for it is thought rather than style that first appeals to the younger reader. The pupil, as a rule, on reading books of interest will consider the action of the characters and not the manner of expression, the plot and not the structure, and will gain but little literary advantage.

Patience, perseverance and practice are the only means of literary success. Perfection in literature can only be realized by writing. As success in music comes only after repeated drills, so success in English comes only after continual effort. If more time were spent in writing English, more appreciation would be created for models of style. When a student becomes interested in the production of literature, an admiration for style soon follows, and a desire to become better acquainted with the literary masterpieces is noticeable. The study of a model is, after all, only a means to an end, and that end is perfection in literary effort.

—Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, in giving out an official statement upon the relations No War with between America and Japan Japan. last week, struck the keynote of the situation when he said: "The Japanese government is not at all solicitous for the emigration of its people into any country. Our government," he continues, "proposes to control emigration in such a manner as to benefit Japan, and at the same time conform to the wishes of the American people." These words are well worth quoting. For weeks the American press has been flooding the country with fabulous reports about the attitude of the Island Empire toward the United States. Insignificant facts have been circulated and enlarged until the brick that went through the window of the Japanese restaurant in San Francisco looked as large as a modern torpedo.

No one who depended upon the newspaper for information could doubt that conflict with Japan was inevitable. Curiously enough, all seemed to assume that

if peace were maintained, it would be due to the enlightenment and justice of the American people who would in the end make the necessary concessions to appease the outraged majesty, Japan. In this quotation we have Japan's Minister on Foreign Affairs assuring us that his country has no desire to send her sons into the United States; that Japan is willing to make concessions suitable to America and has actually taken steps in that direction. This weighty testimony from Baron Hayashi will mean much to those who are not over anxious to be classed as alarmists.

—Last Wednesday afternoon, according to the schedule announced for public speaking, there was a preliminary

Preliminary Oratorical Contest. contest in oratory. The program was longer than usual. There were thirteen

speakers whose names, arranged according to the verdict of the judges, are as follows: Joseph Boyle, Varnum Parish, Reed Parker, Peter Hebert, William Lennartz, Raymond McNally, Otto Schmid, Max Juraschek, Edward Carville, Richard Collentine, Alfred Hebert, Thomas Lahey, and Raymond Coffey. The judges were Father Quinlan, Professors Hoynes and Reno. The final contest will be held a week from to-day and will be participated in by Messrs. Boyle, Parish, Parker, and Lennartz. Mr. Hebert, who won fourth place, was eligible to compete, but withdrew from the final contest. In very few contests, if any, had the judges greater difficulty in determining for themselves the relative ability of the speakers, for the contest was a very close one. In no case did any speaker win his place by a unanimous vote. The general standard of excellence was very high for a preliminary contest and promises good results in the contests for at least two years to come. It is quite certain that the final contest, set for next Saturday, will be a close and interesting one. The preliminary contest was held privately; the final contest will be public. The winner will receive the Breen Gold Medal next Commencement, and will be entitled to represent the University in the State Oratorical Contest which will be held at Indianapolis, February 7.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 17; PURDUE, 0.

The above is about the "rightest" score that we have yet recorded,—Notre Dame, 17; and Purdue, 0. The work of Captain Callicrate and his team in last Saturday's game will go down in the history of Notre Dame football as one of the cleanest victories a Notre Dame team ever had. The Varsity won because they had the better team from one end of the line to the other, and the backfield was in a class all by itself when compared with Purdue's. Every man on the team was a star. Captain Callicrate, if anyone, has the just claim to special mention. In the second half Callicrate was good for first down every time he took the ball, and his work during the entire game—his last big one—was wonderful. It was simply impossible to stop him. McDonald was almost equally as strong as the Captain in the second half, as he too went around Purdue's ends about any time he felt like it, but his defensive playing was great. Breaking up long passes was "Mac's" favorite amusement, and his tackling and blocking could not have been better. Then comes Burdick, whose defensive work was probably the best seen on the Purdue field this year. On every punt he was down the field like a flash, waiting for his man and smothering him in his tracks. Miller's absence had caused many a Notre Dame supporter's heart to take a few extra beats when it came to putting in a man to back up the line who had never played the position before; but the manner in which Munson backed up that line Saturday made the same hearts take the extra beats and then some. He stopped plays through the line, and around the end. Every place a Purdue man ventured he encountered big Munson. His kicking was also of some class, and he too was a star. But that is the trouble—they were all stars. Ryan played a beautiful game while he was in; he made a run of seventy yards for a touchdown which was a beauty, only to be called back for the reason that the lineman had not moved the lines. His defensive work was good. Once in the first

half he stood between two Purdue men and the Notre Dame goal line, but he was as good as a dozen, for he stopped them with a clean hard tackle and saved a sure touchdown.

The way young "Doc" Berteling filled Ryan's place at quarter in the second half was a marvel. It was his first chance in fast company, but judging from the way he ran the team, one would have thought he had played championship games all his life. His return of punts was good; his defensive work was clean and hard, and his judgment in selecting plays could not have been surpassed. When it comes to picking stars, Berteling is to be noticed. Whenever it was a third down and the Varsity needed a couple of yards, O'Leary was given the ball. His defensive work was equally as good, and a number of Purdue's forward passes were spoiled by the same O'Leary. Mertes, Paine and Burke, the three centre men, not content with playing their own men and holding them, took turns at breaking through the line and upsetting plays before they were started, and otherwise making themselves disagreeable to the Boilermakers. Once—only once—Purdue had the ball on the Varsity's three-yard line. The third down with the goal to gain the play was sent at Donovan. All he did was to pile Purdue's team in a stack just where they met him: gain, one inch. Dolan was sent in for Burke near the end of the game and proved equally as disagreeable to Purdue. But this trying tell to about the game—how well every man played, who were the stars, etc.,—can not be done properly in a short write-up. They were all stars; they all worked, and they all fought hard. They won because they had the better team and deserved to win—that's all.

But Purdue—they gave the best they had; played a good clean game, lost like sportsmen, treated the Varsity like gentlemen, and added to the already good spirit and feeling that exists between the two schools. As was stated in the Lafayette paper: "There is no team Purdue would rather play than Notre Dame, no team the Boilermakers would rather defeat, no team the Old Gold and Black would rather lose to, if lose it must."

The least Notre Dame can say to the

above is: "Reverse it, and call it square." A detailed account of the game, taken from the *Lafayette Courier*, tells how it happened:

NOTRE DAME WINS TOSS.

Notre Dame won the toss and chose the north goal with the wind. Forsythe kicked off at 2:35 o'clock to McDonald who was downed on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Ryan made a forward pass which fell into Longebaugh's hands and he had a clear field, but was tackled from behind on Notre Dame's 35-yard line. On next play Notre Dame was offside. Notre Dame was again offside. Hanna was thrown back for a loss. Hanna tried drop kick from 30-yard line, but the pass was high and kick poorly made. With the ball on the 25-yard line Munson kicked to Purdue's 30-yard line, the ball going far over Hanna's head.

Purdue penalized five yards for offside. Forsythe punted to Purdue's 35-yard line. Callicrate carried the ball around right end to Purdue's 18-yard line. McDonald went around left end to Purdue's 3-yard line. O'Leary made two and a half yards through guard, and McDonald carried the ball over for touchdown. Score: Notre Dame, 5; Purdue, 0. Forsythe kicked off; Munson kicked to McFarland; Forsythe tried drop kick from 40-yard line, but the ball went just below the cross bar of the goal posts. Munson kicked from Notre Dame's 20-yard line to Hanna, who was tackled on Notre Dame's 40-yard line.

Forsythe tried a long forward pass which hit the ground, and Purdue was penalized 15 yards. Forsythe punted to Callicrate on Notre Dame's 25-yard line. The ball was brought back and Notre Dame penalized 15 yards, but the visitors were given the ball. On a long run Ryan carried the ball 70 yards and placed it between the goal posts. The touchdown, however, was not allowed. The ball was brought back to Notre Dame's 35-yard line. Munson punted to Forsythe on Purdue's 50-yard line. Notre Dame penalized for offside play. On a forward pass, Spencer to Longebaugh, Purdue penalized 15 yards for not completing the pass. Forsythe punted to Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Ryan returned the ball to the centre of the field. Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for holding. Munson punted to Hanna on Notre Dame's 45-yard line. On a quarter-back run Hanna placed the ball on Notre Dame's 30-yard line.

Notre Dame was offside and Purdue received 5 yards. On the next play Purdue was penalized 15 yards for holding. Forsythe kicked to Ryan who made a most spectacular run, dodging and twisting, turning from right to left, and eluded all tacklers. He slipped, however, and was tackled by two men on Notre Dame's 18-yard line, running backward toward his own goal posts. Munson kicked to Hanna. Forsythe made a long forward pass to Longebaugh, who carried the ball to Notre Dame's 9-yard line.

Shade went through tackle to the 7-yard line. McFarland took the ball to the 2-yard line. Shade failed through guard. The ball went to Notre Dame on downs. Munson punted from behind the goal posts to the 30-yard line. Forsythe made a fair catch and tried a place kick, which failed by a few feet.

Notre Dame kicked out from the 25-yard line to Longebaugh on Notre Dame's 47-yard line. Forsythe tried to drop kick, but it failed. Munson carried the ball to Notre Dame's 30 yard line.

Purdue was penalized fifteen yards for holding. On a fake punt Forsythe made five yards around right end. He tried another drop kick and it failed again. Munson punted out to Forsythe who was tackled on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Shade made three yards through the line. Forsythe tried another drop kick, this time from the 44-yard line, and the ball only went to the 6-yard line. Munson punted to Shade, who heeled for a fair catch on Notre Dame's 33-yard line. Forsythe tried place kick, but the ball went wide. Munson drop kicked from Notre Dame's 20-yard line in order to give his men time to get up the field. Time was called with the ball in Purdue's possession on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Score: Notre Dame, 5; Purdue, 0.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half Watt replaced Kirk at centre, and Gordon took Shade's place. These were the changes in the Purdue line-up. There were no changes in the Notre Dame line-up. Purdue took the north goal. Munson kicked off. Spencer received the ball on the 20-yard line and returned it 10 yards. Forsythe was tackled for loss by McDonald. Forsythe tried a punt, but it was blocked, and a Notre Dame man fell on it on Purdue's 25-yard line. Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for holding. Ryan made a pretty forward pass to Callicrate, who was tackled on Purdue's 28-yard line. Berteling was substituted for Ryan at quarter-back and Purdue given the ball on Notre Dame's 39-yard line. On the next play Purdue was offside,

Forsythe punted over the goal line. Munson kicked from the 25-yard line to McFarland on Purdue's 50-yard line. On a forward pass, Spencer to McFarland, Purdue made fifteen yards. Longebaugh made six yards around right end. The ball went over on downs. McDonald made eleven yards around right end. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Munson punted to Notre Dame's 45-yard line. On a forward pass, Longebaugh to Spencer, Purdue was penalized fifteen yards, the ball going wild. Forsythe punted to Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Berteling carried the ball back five yards. McDonald made thirteen through tackle.

Callicrate made a 20-yard run, and on the next play O'Leary carried the ball to Purdue's 35-yard line. Notre Dame was penalized for holding in the line. Sage replaced Brundage in the Purdue line. Berteling tried a quarter-back run and then tossed the ball to Munson, who was tackled on Purdue's 33-yard line. McDonald carried the ball to the 30-yard line. Callicrate made it first down. Notre Dame was tearing up Purdue's line and, it looked like a touchdown. McDonald got through the left side of Purdue's line, but fumbled. Hanna got the ball near the side-lines. Forsythe punted to the centre of the field. Callicrate made 10 yards around right end. McDonald made 2 yards on line-plunge. Purdue could not stop Callicrate and he made 10 yards more. Notre Dame was penalized for holding, losing 15 yards.

Hanna received Munson's punt on Purdue's 15-yard

line and returned it 6 yards. Gordon tried line plunge for a small gain. Burke was injured and taken out of the game. Forsythe punted to the centre of the field. Berteling carried the ball back to Purdue's 45-yard line. Callicrate made 20 yards through tackle. He then carried the ball to the 2-yard line by a skin tackle play through Brundage and Spencer. McDonald carried the ball over for a touchdown. McDonald kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 11; Purdue, 0.

Forsythe kicked off to Notre Dame's 10-yard line. Munson carried the ball back to the centre of the field, making a spectacular run. Dolan replaced Burke. McDonald made first down around right end. Callicrate made five yards around left end, Callicrate made it first down. McDonald made four yards through tackle. McDonald made six around the end. Callicrate added eight around left end.

McDonald tried place kick and failed. Funk went in for McFarland, who was hurt. Forsythe punted to the centre of the field. Gardner replaced Forsythe. On the first play Callicrate went twelve yards and McDonald carried the ball to Purdue's 22-yard line. Callicrate carried the ball to Purdue's 10-yard line. Munson tried place kick from 20-yard line, but the ball missed.

Hutchens was substituted for Hanna, and the change was a costly one, as on the next play Munson punted to Hutchens, who misjudged the ball five yards from the goal line and thought it was going over. Burdick got the ball in the field and rolled over the line for a touchdown. McDonald kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 17; Purdue, 0.

Funk kicked over the goal line. The ball was brought out and Munson kicked from the 25-yard line to the centre of the field. Funk carried the ball back ten yards. Hutchens lost ground. Funk punted to Notre Dame's three-yard line. Munson punted to Hutchens on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. On a forward pass, Hutchens to Hewitt, Notre Dame got the ball. Munson punted to Hutchens who fumbled, and Notre Dame got the ball on the 40-yard line. Munson punted to Purdue's 40-yard line. On a forward pass, Hutchens to Hewitt, the latter carried the ball to Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Notre Dame got the ball, and McDonald made 23 yards around right end. On a forward pass, McDonald to Callicrate, Notre Dame made 20 yards. Game was called with the ball on Purdue's 20-yard line. The final score was 17 to 0.

Obituary.

Many of those who were students at the University fifteen years ago will remember John Stanton who was then one of their companions, and will be pained to learn of his death at Portsmouth, Ohio, last Sunday. The sympathy of these and of the members of the Faculty of the University is extended to his sorrowing relatives, and particularly to his brothers who were also students at Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*

Local Items.

—The Corby Hall football team played a game at Culver last Thursday and met defeat, the score being 12 to 0.

—The second team in Carroll Hall journeyed to Mishawaka last Thursday and were defeated there by a picked team.

—At last the work in the wash-rooms seems to have been completed. The improvement is one that affords the students considerable satisfaction.

—The Minims' second team played a game of football last Saturday with a team from South Bend; the stars of the game were H. Larkin, C. Jennings and H. Cagney. Score, 10 to 0 in favor of the Minims.

Lost—A gun-metal, open-faced, Bonheur Watch with a double fob attached. James Oliver, and Univ. Notre Dame 1907. Supposed to be lost on or about Carroll Hall grounds. Please return to Brother Just.

—The "Sawed-Offs" have made a notable addition to their gallant ranks in the person of Arthur Heilman, the speedy half-back from Wisconsin University. With the assistance of Mr. Heilman, the "Sawed-Offs" hope to win their next game with the St. Edward's Hall Giants.

—The Varsity's last game of the season was played in Chicago on Thanksgiving. The Varsity's opponents, St. Vincent's, put up a good game, scoring two touchdowns. The final score was 21 to 12 in favor of Notre Dame. Next week we shall publish a complete report of the contest.

—To-morrow is the day for the preliminary contests in inter-hall oratory; three days later, Wednesday, the winners—one from each hall—will present three type-written copies of their orations to the director of studies, and draw for places in the final contest which is set for December 11.

—At a meeting held in Sorin smoking room on the evening of Nov. 25th, the class of 1910 was organized for the ensuing scholastic year. The following officers were elected: president, S. Dolan; vice-president, G. Finnigan; secretary, M. Moriarty; treasurer, C. McKenna; sergeant-at-arms, C. Frieze.

—It is hardly likely that any of the graduating classes of the University has surpassed the class of 1906 in the effort to foster a plan of class union; no class has hit upon a happier plan. At the time of graduation the members of the class pledged themselves to write once a year to the class president, John Shea, a letter which would be suitable for circulation among the members of the class. On receipt of the last of these letters, due early in January,

the president forwarded the complete collection to the members in rotation. Thanks-giving found the belated collection at Notre Dame, where Professor Funk, a member of the class, is at present located. The class intends to have a reunion at Notre Dame in 1910.

—The secretary of the Michigaman Club is requested to accept an introduction to the Wolverine Club which was organized four years ago and has, therefore, a prior claim to be the first representative organization of Michigan students at the University. The original organization has as officers: Messrs. Dukette, Steiner, Carey, Bastar and Moran. Not the least faithful of the members of the organization was Leo A. Donahoe who is now at Dowagiac, Mich.

—The Corby Hall basket-ball team has been organized. John A. Dubuc has been elected captain. Heyl, Zimmer and Dubuc are the only old faces on the squad, but there is no dearth of new material, and the genial captain seems to have no worry regarding the outlook. To-night the Commercial Club will be played in South Bend. Next Wednesday the Mishawaka A. C. will be taken on here. Games are being arranged with Laporte and Lake Forest.

—At a recent meeting held for the purpose of re-organizing the Total Abstinence Society, officers were elected as follows: F. X. Cull, president; W. M. Carroll, vice-president; J. V. Diener, secretary-treasurer; and Father G. Marr, spiritual director. The object of the society is to promote temperance among its members. Meetings are to be held the first of each month in the law room. Those who wish to become working members of the society will present their names to the president of the society.

—The meeting of the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society on Thursday, the 21st, was opened by a well-rendered vocal selection by Mr. Conlin with piano accompaniment by Mr. Doorley. The remainder of the evening was given up to a general discussion of the question: "Resolved, That the national government should control the railroads." The argument on both sides was strong, and when at the end of the discussion the result was put to a vote, it showed by a small majority that the affirmative opinion prevailed.

—The social year at Notre Dame was inaugurated Thanksgiving Eve when the class of '09 held the First Annual Junior Prom. at Melville Hall in South Bend, and the event was a typical college function. The affair was restricted to the upper classmen and post-grads, and nearly fifty couples glided about to the strains of Petersen's college orchestra. The interior of the hall was tastefully decorated with the college

and class colors, interspersed with a large number of college pennants. The unique lighting scheme added a most pleasing glow to the decorative effect.

—Brownson Hall is continually demonstrating the fact that its members are made of the right timbre; credit is due them for the initiative of getting us the reports of both of our state championship games. Both basket-ball and indoor baseball have been looked to by the athletic organization in the hall, and good teams are to be developed in each of these branches of sport. On Thanksgiving the Brownson football team played at Rensselaer. The game was an even one, neither side being able to score. Those who made the trip are loud in their praise of the treatment they received.

—Last Monday evening the Corby Literary Society listened to Dr. Monaghan on the "Financial Stringency." The complexities of the money question and the causes of the present flurry were brought within the comprehension of all. After this address a short business meeting was held. It was decided to give a "Smoke Talk" in honor of the Faculty and the State Champions on the evening of December 14. It is promised that this event will not only eclipse the June smoker, but will closely approximate the summit of excellence in the line of such social events. A short program will be rendered to-night.

—The Director of the Department of Botany acknowledges gratefully the following gifts to the botanical library by the author, Dr. E. L. Greene of the Smithsonian Institution: Vol. I. and II. of the *Pittonia*, a botanical magazine edited by Dr. Greene. Vol. I. of the *Leaflets*, a work of research in systematic botany. Dr. Greene is one of the foremost of our American systematic botanists, and probably the greatest authority on Historical Botany in this country. He is about to finish a work on the History of Botany that, as a source of scientific information in this branch, promises to be unequalled up to the present time.

—The program rendered by the Brownson Literary and Debating Society on Nov. 21 was in keeping with the splendid work of the organization. It consisted of the following numbers: "Sheridan's Ride," by Francis A. O'Brien; "Little Golden Hair," by Martin J. Heyl; "Mormonism," by T. Frank Smyth; "A Canadian Poet Song," by Bernard E. Doyle. A debate on the question, "Resolved, That the growth of large fortunes be checked by a graduated income tax and an inheritance tax," was upheld on the affirmative by Messrs. John Tully and Leo Cleary, on the negative by Messrs. Charles Murphy and John Sullivan. The judges, Messrs. J. Young, E. Bonham and M. Juraschek,

decided in favor of the affirmative, and closed the debate with a few timely and interesting remarks.

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall requests us to thank Father Schnull of Terre Haute for thirty-four photographs of historic interest, the Gospel of St. John translated into the Cree language, and a souvenir of St. Patrick's Church; the Rev. William Garrity of Terre Haute for an elegantly bound volume containing the "Our Father" written in the languages of the world by students of the Propaganda, Rome; Father Oster of Vincennes, Ind., for a number of articles illustrating the poverty of the early days; three photographs, and several numbers of the *Propagateur Catholique*; Father Mulcahey of Benton Harbor, Mich., for a beautifully printed folio "Book of Common Prayer," issued by Oxford University, 1817; Father Esper of St. Joseph, Mich., for the first chalice used in St. Joseph's Church and for souvenirs of the early days; Francis E. Carroll, M. D., Boston, for fourteen interesting volumes; Father McCarthy of Lynn, Mass., for two volumes of Swift's work, 1824.

—On Monday evening the students of Brownson Hall assembled in their reading-room and listened to a literary and musical program of unusual merit. The chairman of the meeting was Henry Burdick, and under his able direction the program, which consisted of the following, was carried out in a most creditable manner: Opening address by Henry Burdick, song by the glee club, Sketch of Wm. McKinley by Darnay Kelly, The Bridge by Chas. Murphy, piano solo by Edward McDermott, Nantucket by Wm. Moore, The Children's Hour by Claude Sorg, song by the glee club, Customs in Kentucky by John Coggeshall, The Death of the Flowers by Richard Wilson, violin Solo by Wilfred Ely, Mormonism by Frank Smyth, piano solo by Frank Hollearn, Beautiful Hands by Frank Madden, Vocal Solo by William Moore, The Power of Personality by Brother Alphonsus, song by the glee club, closing remarks by the chairman. Three members in particular deserve more than passing notice. John Coggeshall was at his best in a delightful talk on the Customs in Kentucky, and he made one of the hits of the evening. The Brownson Glee Club made its debut under the able leadership of Wilfred Ely; it more than contributed its share to the evening's entertainment. Brother Alphonsus, in a most practical talk on the Power of Personality, described some of the phases of student life in a most interesting manner. Henry Burdick closed the entertainment, one of the most enjoyable of the season, with an address. Brownson has the right spirit.